

SERAPE TOT AND HER SILVER DOLLAR



SHE was a Mexican girl, was Serape Tot, and although scarcely ten years old, she looked quite tall. But tall as she was, she knew far less than the average American child of her age. For schools and books are not as plentiful in Mexico as they might be. One day a lovely American lady, who was travelling through Mexico, met Serape Tot in the street. On her head Serape was carrying an earthen jar full of water, and was fairly staggering under its weight.

"What a pretty little girl!" said the lady. "That is quite a heavy load for you." Then the lady asked Serape a great many questions, all of which the little girl answered to the best of her ability. "Here is a silver dollar," said the lady at parting. "Spend it on anything you may choose."

A whole silver dollar! It was almost too good to be true. The American lady seemed like some fairy godmother to little Serape, and the dollar itself was an immense fortune in her eyes, because she had never seen such a large silver coin before.

Carefully tucking the money away in one of the folds of her dress, little Serape took up the water jar again and staggered homeward with it. All the way, however, her little brain was busy thinking of the best way to spend her treasure.

Why not go to the United States, she thought, the land from which the beautiful lady herself came, and where, as she had so often heard, were to be found all manners and kinds of wonderful things. Serape decided that this was a splendid plan. By the time she had placed the jar in the corner of their mud house she had mapped out a plan to ride away to the United States. Her mother was busy baking the cakes of meal and water upon a piece of hot, flat stone, and her father lay asleep in the shade of the tree at their doorstep. Nobody would notice her going away, and she would return from the United States before night time, she thought, and bring back to her parents all manner of rich things from that wonderful land of rich Americans!

Of course, she knew where the railway station was, and that people always went there who wanted to travel far. So she made her way to the station, holding on to the coin with all the strength of her chubby fingers. She found her way to the ticket window. "Please, I want to go to the United States," she said, as she laid down her dollar. "What?" said the ticket agent, very

much astonished. Then he burst out laughing, and cried, "Your dollar is not big enough to go so far, little girl, and neither are you. You will both have to grow a good deal larger before you can go to the United States."

"Not big enough?" was all she could say. It seemed very strange to Serape Tot. She had really thought that the silver dollar would buy almost anything and take her everywhere. "Nevr mind," she said to herself; she would do something else, so she decided that she would go to the bazaar and get a bright red shawl for her mother. But there was another disappointment in store for her. "I want to buy a nice red shawl," she said to the shopkeeper.

"A shawl!" he echoed, in surprise, looking at the poorly clad little girl. "And how much money have you to buy it with?" he asked.

"A dollar," Serape answered, proudly, laying down the coin upon the counter and gazing critically around at the gay dresses and cloaks.

"That dollar of yours is not quite big enough, my little girl," said the storekeeper, kindly. "But here is a pretty ribbon for you, and you can take your money home and wait till it grows."

Serape Tot thanked him very much for the ribbon, and, taking the coin again in her hand, she walked slowly homeward.

But she did not forget the joking words of both the ticket agent and the storekeeper. She thought they really meant what they said, so she dug a hole in the garden, near the house, and put the dollar in it and covered it up. And every day afterward she watered the spot most carefully. One day she carefully scraped the earth away to see if any roots had started on the coin, but they had not, so she covered it up again. She has not yet given up the hope of seeing a plant spring up on the spot whose branches shall be heavy laden with bright silver dollars. And then she expects to get her mother the pretty, bright red shawl, and go to the United States herself and see the wonderful things there.

NOVELTIES FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

EVERY girl who can possibly afford it indulges in the luxury of a dressing table these days, and whether fitted up from a large bank account or furnished from weekly savings it must be in harmony with the room, and some one color scheme must be carried out in the knickknacks.

If blue and white effects are sought after in the room, then all the toilet articles should be in Delft or Saxony or Oman ware. And almost every article necessary for the table can be found in some one of these blue and white wares. Sets of brush, comb, mirror and tray come in Delft, or a clever imitation of the quaint old Dutch styles.

Jars of different sizes for pomade, vaseline and cold cream are imported from Japan and sold for a trifling sum. And a little delving into Oriental shops will bring to light blue and white pin trays, hairpin boxes, candlesticks and match receivers—all artistic and rarely expensive.

A pretty scarf for the table is of Japanese blue and white cotton.

It is considered exceedingly bad taste to keep a brush and comb which has been in use shut up in a satin or plush lined box. The old-time "casket" is discarded when once the toilet articles have come into service.

Benzine is of the greatest use in removing grease from fabrics, but it should be remembered that it requires careful handling. It should never be used near a fire or light, for flames will sometimes leap over the space of several feet and ignite the escaping vapor.

To prevent the burning of viands, keep a small pan of water in the oven, refilling as often as necessary. If the oven is very hot, fill with cold instead of hot water.

All traces of mud can be removed from black clothes by rubbing the spots with a raw potato cut in half.

THE CYCLING CAPERS OF THE CANDYKINS.

AWAY they rode by dale and hill, past country seat and ruined mill; But e'er they reached their home once more—that dear, delightful candy store—

Adventures grave and gay they had, enough to make the wildest sad. First of all, 'twas Taffy Tim (you surely all remember him) Went scorching 'long a narrow way, where little children ran at play; No sooner did those young folks spy that boy of taffy passing by Than straight they brought him to the ground, and pieces of him passed around.

But pretty Edith Almond Bar saw his great danger from afar, And frightened off the girls and boys by making just a dreadful noise, And then she picked up every bit of Taffy Tim and made them fit, Until once more he looked a man (at least as near as Taffy can). Then Lemon Drop and Chocolate Cream must needs go swimming in a stream, When quickly part of them did melt (you can't imagine how they felt),

And if they had not scrambled out, and gave their chums a warning shout, I fancy that the candyman would not have found them in their pan.

William Strawberry Nougat and Miss Orange Buttercup, so grand,

Rode a gay tandem, new and bright, and raced ahead with all their might,

Until, so very warm they got, that syrup seemed their destined lot.

Then Caramel and Figgy Paste along the road away they raced;

Bicycles going like the wind, and a big cloud of dust behind,

Until a great, big, burly man cried out aloud that they must stop,

Or else he'd surely take them where such Candykins are very rare.

At last they turned and homeward sped, all eager for a counter bed,

With lamps a-flashing clear and bright, for it was now quite late at night.

And one and all, both great and small, from Peppermint Cream to Popcorn Ball,

All voted cycling lots of fun, and said they'd have another run.

